Shamefull it is, if once the *fact* be knowne,
Hatefull it is: there is no hate in *louing*,
Ile beg her loue: but she is not her *owne*:
The worst is but *deniall*, and *reprouing*.
My *will* is strong, past *reasons* weake remouing,
Who feares a *sentence* or an old mans sawe,
Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.

Thus (gracelesse) holds he disputation,
Tweene *frozen conscience* and hot *burning* will,
And with good *thoughts* makes dispensation,
Vrging the worser sense for vantage still.
Which in a moment doth *confound* and kill
All pure *effects*, and doth so farre proceed,
That what is vile shewes like a *vertuous deed*.

Quoth he, she tooke me kindly by the *hand*,
And gaz'd for *tydings* in my eager *eies*,
Fearing some bad *newes* from the warlike *band*
Where her beloued *Colatinus* lies.
O how her *feare* did make her *colour* rise?
First *red* as *Roses* that on *Lawne* we lay,
Then white as *Lawne* the *Roses* tooke away.

And now her *hand* in my *hand* being lockt,
Forst it to tremble with her loyall *feare*:
Which strooke her sad, and then it faster rocke,
Vntill her *husbands* welfare she did heare,
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a *cheare*
That had *Narcissus* seene her as she stood,
Selfe-loue had neuer drown'd him in the *flood*.

Why hunt I then for *colour* or excuses?
All *Orators* are dumbe when *beauty* pleads,
Poore *wretches* haue *remorse* in poore abuses,
Loue thriues not in the *heart* that shadowes dreads:
Affection is my *Captaine* and he leades:
And when this gaudy banner is displaide,

Then childish *feare* auant, *debating* die,
Respect and *Reason* wait on wrinkled *age*:
My *heart* shall neuer countermand mine *eye*,
Sad *pause* and *deepe Regard* beseems the Sage;
My *part* is *youth*, and beats these from the stage;
Desire my *pilot* is, *Beauty* my *prise*,
Then who feares sinking where such *treasure* lies?

As *corne* ore-growne by *weeds*, so heedfull feare
Is almost cloakt by vnresisted *lust*,
Away he steales with open listning *eare*,
Full of foule *hope* and full of fond mistrust:
Both which as seruitors to the vniust
So crosse him with their opposite perswasion,
That now he vowes a league, and now inuasion.

Within his thought her heauenly *image* sits,
And in the selfe same *seat* sits *Colatine*,
That *eye* which lookes on her, confounds his *wits*;
That *eye* which him beholds, as more diuine
Vnto a *view* so false will not incline:
But with a pure *appeale* seeks to the *heart*,
Which once corrupted, takes the worser part.

And therein heartens vp his servile *powers*,
Who flattered by their *leaders* iocond show,
Stuffe vp his *lust*, as minutes fill vp *howres*;
And as their *Captaine*, so their *pride* doth grow,
Paying more slauish *tribute* than they owe.
By reprobate *desire* thus madly led
The Romane Lord doth *march* to *Lucrece* bed.

The *lockes* betweene her *chamber* and his will,
Each one by him enforst, recites his *ward*,
But as they open, they all rate his *ill*,
Which driues the creeping *theefe* to some regard.
The *threshold* grates the *dore* to haue him heard;
Night-wandring *Weazels* shrieke to see him there;